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A SUMMER'S LOVE.

BY PERCIVAL S. RIDSDALE.

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Lizette stood on Bear's Neck and gazed longingly at the speck of white on the border of the horizon. The mist was slowly rising from the water, which lay smooth and still, save for a gentle undulation, like the rise and fall of a sleeping baby's breast. In the east the vapor was pierced by a thousand golden arrows and was fleeing from the assault in a wierd, fantastic rout, upward, ever upward, until lost in the harmony of the green-gray sky. Straight to the point of Cleek's Head the host of advancing day was directed, and Lizette knew that in a few moments the rocks, now dripping with the moisture, would sparkle under the golden beams, as if set with a million precious stones.

Yet, ignoring all the beauties of the scene, she carefully shaded her eyes and gazed intently at a flock of white in the offing, indistinguishable, except to the trained eye; which, even as she gazed, was wrapped in a mantle of vapor. And when it, too, rose to join its comrades fleeing westward, the sail was gone. When first Lizette saw it, she knew from its course, northward and eastward, it was not bound for the Cove, but she had hoped, and hope was strong with her, that the skipper was taking a long tack, and would soon, catching the morning breeze, 'bout ship and head for home.

Lizette turned, and with drooping head and weary footsteps, made her way down the narrow path, and over the rocks toward the spot where the blue smoke, curling lazily upward, told her Mere Choucard was already up and preparing the breakfast.

But once on the way did she stop. It was at the gate in the old stone wall separating the little cottage garden from the neighbors. Here she had stood with him on that last night, here he had kissed her; now in the cold gray dawn, she shivered at the memory, and pressed her cheek caressingly against the cold damp stone post and closed her eyes, obliterating the present and living for a moment in the sweet past.

"Some day, ma chere, we will meet and kiss here again. Some day the Swan will come again to Nova Scotia, sail into the Cove, and leave me here with you, ma petite Lizette."

"Some day." Ah, how she had waited and longed for that day. Twice had the stone wall been hidden under the snows; twice had the little garden greened and flowered, and still Lizette waited, for hope only fades as the heart grows old, and Lizette was but 19.

Faith and hope go hand in hand with love. Sunrise and sunset found Lizette on the Bear's Neck, happy in her love, secure in her faith, strong in her hope, unceasing in her vigil. "When he comes, you must be the first to greet him," her heart whispered. "You must be the first to take his hand," and Lizette was ruled by her heart.

The old people in the village shook their heads sadly, when they spoke of her; the young girls shrugged their shoulders and gave a toss of their heads; the young men gazed wistfully as she walked quietly down the village street. She was "la belle Lizette" to them, and to their sisters and sweethearts, "la pauvre Lizette." But she did not know, she lived in the past and waited for the future; the present was the purgatory of her love. She endured patiently, silently, uncomplainingly; smiled when the day died, for it brought her nearer the future; awoke smiling, for the joy of waiting and hoping was to be hers, until the night.

Pere Choucard misunderstood her and spoke harshly. Called her silly, foolish, and bluntly told her he would never come back; that his words and his promises were idle; that his love was a fancy, the dream of a day; that ere this he was wedded to one of his own standing, and had long ago forgotten the little girl of the Cove.

Pere Choucard often spoke thus, but Lizette only listened indulgently and smiled. Pere Choucard was so good, so strong, yet so rough, and Pere Choucard was old, and spent the day mending his fishing nets or working in his little garden. The Pere did not understand; he could not; so Lizette only smiled and said, softly:

"No, bon pere, you know not." And she was sorry for him.

Mere Choucard did not understand either. She thought Lizette was unhappy and sad, because she did not laugh or go to merry parties with the other young folks. She did not know Lizette was saving all her laughter for him. When he came, how merry she would be, how her eyes would sparkle, how she would smile at nothing, at everything. No, Mere Choucard did not understand; but then Mere Choucard was old, too, and her eyes were dim.

Sometimes, when it rained, and the girl was sitting by the window, her window, through which she could see the gate in the stone fence, Bear's Neck, Cleet's Head and the restless, tossing ocean, Mere Choucard would softly stroke her hair and with tears glistening in her eyes, murmur: "Ma pauvre enfant."

And Lizette, looking into the aged, kindly face, would pat the wrinkled hand, and say, with a soft smile, to herself: "Ah, bonne chere mere, you too know not."

This day was Sunday, and Lizette, as she had done every fine Sunday since he left, went for the long walk up the beech road, the walk he so enjoyed. Lizette reserved this pleasure for the holy day, because it was on Sunday he told her how he cared for her. They were walking along the beech road, hand in hand, away from the village, away from everybody. She had not expected him to speak as he did. She only knew she was quietly, fully happy when with him. Of love she had never thought, and yet how suddenly, when he had spoken, she knew she loved him. Her lips refused to open, and she had simply put her hand in his.

As she left the cottage, Pierre Laton called her, and in a moment was by her side. "May I walk with you, Lizette?" he asked.

People said Pierre Laton loved her.

"I am going far, Pierre," she said. "You had better not come."

"The end of the world would not be too far with you," he exclaimed, quickly, looking searchingly into her face, and then, as he saw the startled look in her eyes he pleaded: "Let me go with you, Lizette?"

And so they walked together.

Lizette did not speak and Pierre's heart was too full for words. Lizette even forgot he was with her, at times. Her thoughts were in the past. Her thoughts seemed always in the past. Of the future, which was to bring such great happiness, she dared not think.

HERE SHE HAD STOOD WITH HIM ON THAT LAST NIGHT.

She was content to wait until it came and then enjoy it fully. The past was sweet. She would exhaust its memories first.

At last Pierre could no longer remain silent.

"Lizette," he said, "why are you so changed? Once you were always with us, and laughed and were happy. Now you no more join us at the dance or anywhere. You talk so little, and once you chattered all the time. Why are you so changed, Lizette?"

"I am happy still," said Lizette.

"Happy!" he cried, harshly; "happy! You cannot be. You do not laugh, you hate me, you hate us all—"

"You are my friends," she interrupted.

"And," he continued, unheeding, "you have given your heart, not to some honest lad in the village, but to a stranger, a man who said in fun: 'I love you.' You will never see him again. He has forgotten you, he—"

"Pierre!" exclaimed Lizette, quickly, yet not with anger; "Pierre, you don't understand. You are like the others."

"Lizette," he cried, "I understand one thing, I have understood it ever since you and I were girl and boy together, and it is eating my heart out. I can't tell it to you in fine speeches—" She raised her hand beseechingly, but he gently put it down and holding it in his, continued: "Nor in fine words. I have known you all your life, and I love you—" He stopped, breathless with emotion.

Lizette turned away and looked seaward. She did not speak, and Pierre, clutching at a wild hope, went on. "You know I have a little home, Lizette, and I earn as much as any man in the Cove; come, Lizette, let me make you happy. I'll never forget you."

He was almost sorry he had uttered the last sentence; still she did not seem to care. She went toward him, and taking one of his big, brown hands in both of hers, looked up into his face.

"Pierre, it cannot be that. Let us remain friends. Do you not see, do you not know? Ah, you are still like the others, you do not understand!"

He went a little way from the roadside, and sat down. Perhaps he understood now.

They were on the top of Long hill. In the hollow to the left was the village, and away to the right could be seen the cottages at Todd's Point, a quiet summer resort. As Lizette looked, three persons on horseback appeared around a turn in the road and cantered toward her. Lizette gazed with interest. Strangers came so rarely to the Cove. There were two ladies and a gentleman, and as they gained the hilltop they drew rein.

"I think we have reached the place," said one of the ladies.

"And well are we repaid for the ride, the view is splendid," answered the gentleman.

They looked, commented for some moments, and Lizette watched them curiously. At last the lady who had first spoken turned to her. "Is that pretty little village The Cove?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied Lizette, courtesying.

They turned their horses, and for a moment admired the view towards Todd's Point.

"The Cove is where Arthur spent a summer a few years ago," said the first speaker.

Lizette heard and her heart beat wildly.

"Your husband must have found the place very dull, Mrs. Bertleson," said the gentleman, with a laugh, and they galloped away.

Lizette shut her eyes and then opened them. Yes, she was awake. It was no dream. Pierre had heard everything. He went forward, and, taking her hand, led her to a rock. She sat down with a shiver and with mute eyes gazed seaward. Once or twice she loosed the kerchief about her neck, as if it choked her. Pierre walked away and lay down at some distance to wait. An hour, two, three, and she still sat there. Once she bowed her head in her hands and Pierre thought she wept. And then again she looked steadfastly over the sea.

The sea tossed and roared, yet she neither saw nor heard it, the sea was the present.

The sun sank lower and lower in the west, and night drew apace, yet she heeded it not. The night was the future.

At last she looked eastward, the sunrise had been there. The sunrise was the past, and her eyes were no longer mute.

SHE RAISED HER HAND BESEECHINGLY.

Pierre approached, she gave him her hand and they walked homeward. Once Pierre murmured: "He has forgotten you; I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She drew away, smiled sadly, and shook her head, saying, softly: "Pierre, mon ami, you do not understand."

A Guilty Conscience.

A little group of people were talking about Heaven. In turn they gave their fondest thoughts concerning it. The last said, simply: "I cannot think of a Heaven which does not lie beyond the River Lethe." The sweet, sweet smell of honeysuckle came in through the open window and there was silence in the room. Instinctively the others turned their eyes away from his, for, without a word or look, they knew that he had wronged some one.—Ladies' Home Journal.

NEW WORK FOR WOMEN.

Weaving Silken Fabrics with the Hand Loom Pleasant and Profitable.

An English woman, a Mrs. Bayley, has discovered a new industry for women, or, rather, an old one revived, in weaving artistic-patterned silk fabrics by hand. Power looms, she says, are unable to produce these fabrics of the high artistic merit of which the hand loom is possible.

For rich silks Mrs. Bayley asserts that the hand weaving is a cheaper and even quicker mode of weaving than power-loom work, and that since country firms over England cannot obtain the requisite number of hands to produce the work that is ordered in consequence of the revived demand for costly silks, she says that handloom weaving can be carried on with profit in ladies' own homes.

From four to five dollars a week can easily be earned by any woman in this work, Mrs. Bayley says, and that is in England. The same work can be productive of better returns in this country. The suggestion is not made merely for working girls. Mrs. Bayley believes that there is a paying field in the production of high silken fabrics that is worthy the attention of cultivated women of small means, who would find the work not only lucrative but attractive.

In commenting upon Mrs. Bayley's proposition, the Dry Goods Chronicle of this city says:

"It is not so many years ago since women, strong, healthy English, German and French women, worked hand looms in Paterson. They operated both shaft harness and jacquard looms, weaving intricate patterns and superb satins, swinging the shuttle by hand and working the harness and jacquard by foot power. Almost every mill then of any size boasted of a hand loom department. Hand looms were also to be seen in many of the homes of these foreign weavers.

"At that time the hand loom weaver looked upon the power loom attendant as little better than a day laborer, or part and parcel of the machine he was attending. It is time that the old hand loom weaver possessed much more knowledge of the intricacies of the jacquard and loom detail than is known by the power loom weaver to-day, many of whom do not understand the formation of the Darby chain. The hand loom weaver always declared that he 'had served his time' at weaving and 'wound quills' for a year or two before he was permitted to 'pick a warp' or 'throw a shuttle.'

"The advent of the power loom signaled the degeneration of the hand loom weaver. Many of the old hands have developed into loom fixers, but the majority are simply 'minding' the power loom—they don't call it weaving."—N. Y. Herald.

HE WANTED HIS BREAKFAST.

How the Young Man Avoided Early Rising.

A Vermont man here tells an incident of Representative H. H. Powers' career as a school-teacher in Tinmouth, town of Rutland, in days when pedagogues "boarded 'round." Powers was a little slow in rising and acquired a reputation for this among those thrifty people. In the course of his round of boarding houses of the town he was destined to reach the house of Elihu Cramton, father of Hon. John W. Cramton, a famous landlord of the Bardwell house. Cramton was known far and wide as an early riser. His regular hour in summer was 3:30 o'clock and in winter five o'clock. He ate his breakfast shortly after the rising hour and every member of the household had to be on hand. Mr. Cramton learned that the schoolmaster's morning habits were too easy going for that community, and he let it be understood that there would be a change in the young man's hour of rising shortly after he reached the Cramton household.

This threat was not long in reaching the young schoolmaster's ears. He formed his plans and bided his time. In the course of events his belongings were transferred to the Cramton house, and he followed them. His room was assigned to him and he took good care to provide himself with an interesting novel for the first night. When he came in rather late in the evening he went to his room and bundled himself up—that was not the day of steam-heated bedrooms—fixed himself comfortably in a big chair and began his book.

The night was long and the cold chills played hide and seek up and down the schoolmaster's back, but his candle and book held out. By-and-by it came two o'clock; the book was closed, and Schoolmaster Powers left his room, candle in hand. In a moment he was pounding at the door of Mr. Cramton's room, impatiently and emphatically. After his rat-tat-tat had echoed through the house for some time the old man woke up and yelled out to know what was wanted.

"I want my breakfast," said Powers.

"What time is it?" yelled the landlord.

"It's two o'clock. This is my regular hour for breakfast and I want it. Can't you get up and let me have it?"

The old man soon got himself wide enough awake to appreciate the joke and after a slight but very thoughtful pause shouted back: "Young man, you go right back to bed and sleep as long as you want to."—Washington Post.

Wearing Out Needlessly.

Many people wear themselves out needlessly; their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty leads a person to anxious, ceaseless activity, to be constantly doing something, overpunctual, never idle a second of time, scorn to rest; such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years.—N. Y. Ledger.

—In India butter was for ages used solely as an ointment for allaying the pain of wounds.

RUBBISH OF A GREAT CITY.

Experiments in London to Find Uses for All Waste.

Ashes, paper, scraps, shop sweepings and all unclassified rubbish is here in England included under the generic name of "dust." Every reader of Dickens' most powerful and fascinating story, "Our Mutual Friend," will remember the description of the dust mounds in the yard of Boffin's Bower, "up Holloway way," and the grotesque figure of wooden-legged Silas Wegg, stumping up and down them and prodding them here and there with a long iron rod, in search of hidden treasure. And many visitors to London, as well as all residents, are familiar with the sight of the great mounds in some of the more desolate and squalid suburbs, as the trains rush by them, for Dickens rarely, if ever, erred in his local color.

The removal and disposition of the "dust" from the bins of residences and business houses, which with you is the work of a division of the street department, is here let out to contractors, who are paid so much per ton for the work, and who often make a good thing additional, either by farming out the privilege or sorting over the "dust" to rag and bone pickers, or by having it overhauled by their own men and selling the proceeds. As with you, however, the contents of the dust bins are very largely ashes, in which are intermixed a good many partly-consumed cinders, straw, paper and various combustible rubbish.

Each of the numerous parishes which go to make up the metropolis of London has its own dust contractor, and this item of the expenses of administration is one of the burdens to be provided for by the vestry, which is the governing body of the parish in matters of local administration. And, as it is the prerogative of the ratepayer everywhere to grumble at the expenses of the municipality, the dust contractors come in for their share of fault-finding.

Just now one of the smaller and less mentioned parishes is undertaking a new departure in this matter, which is certainly in a measure experimental, but of the success of which no doubt is entertained by those who have made a careful study of the whole question, and have for many months been making all the preparations for putting into operation this very important measure. If successful, it will revolutionize the whole matter of the disposition of a city's refuse, and turn the ratepayers' grumbling into rejoicing. Shoreditch is a busy manufacturing district in the northeastern part of London, just to the north of the Liverpool street and Broad street railway stations, and a little to the eastward of Finsbury, which all the "Ancients" will remember as the location of the "armoury" of the "Honourable Artillery Company" in which they were so royally entertained in July last. The cabinetmakers' shops are chiefly situated in this district, which is of rather limited area, but has many short, narrow streets and a dense population. The vestry of this parish has had annually to dispose of over 20,000 tons of dust and ashes, for which it has hitherto paid three shillings per ton, but has lately let a new contract at an advance of five pence per ton. This means an expenditure of over $15,000 per year for the removal of refuse, which is, of course, so much net outgo. Several of the local governing bodies in other parts of London have put up "destructors," which burn up the dust, but Shoreditch vestry proposes to utilize all this waste in providing light, heat and power, and incidentally revenue, for the parish.

This parish is one of several in the metropolis which propose to light the streets by electricity, under municipal ownership and management. To carry out the plan the vestry has purchased a suitable site in the middle of the borough, and will build an electric generating station, free baths and washhouses and a public library upon the land so secured. The furnaces and boilers, which are of the latest and most approved sort, are now being erected, and will supply steam to engines of 2,400 horse power, which will drive the dynamos for generating the electricity, which is to be distributed all over the parish in the forms of both light and power. The lighting of a number of the streets will consume a portion of the energy, but commercial lights will be sold and motive power furnished to a tramway company and to the many small industries in the district, to which an easily transmitted power of small units is a desideratum. It is in the matter of fuel for this steam plant that the novelty of Shoreditch experiment consists. This is to be the parish dust, which is to be carted in and dumped into hoppers, whence overhead tramways will convey it to the drying chambers, from which it is raked on to the fire bars of the furnaces and burned under a forced draught.

A system of "thermal storage" is one of the most interesting and remarkable features of the new scheme, and, it is claimed, will enable the heat of the furnaces generated during the day to be stored up for use at night when the electric lighting plant is running.—London Cor. Boston Herald.

The Labrador Indians.

The scattered Indian tribes of Labrador are said to be gradually perishing from destitution and disease. The coasts frequented by them are all but exhausted of game and fur-bearing animals and the taking of beaver has been prohibited until 1900 in order to prevent its total destruction. By the time they are permitted to again trap the beaver there will probably be no Indians left upon this portion of the coast.—N. Y. Sun.

Merely a Hint.

He—Nature abhors a vacuum.

She—Yes, but nature probably never sat up all night, hoping every time she yawned, that he would take the hint.

Then he grabbed his hat and went.—Cleveland Leader.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—"Air! air!" gasped the dying man. The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheel she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—Detroit News.

—Nursegirl—"I lost track of the child, mum, and—" "Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nursegirl—"I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."—Pearson's Weekly.

—His Gratitude.—Preacher—"How do you like your new mamma, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"Oh, purty good. I et a jar of plums yistady, and she blamed it on the hired girl."—Cleveland Leader.

—Young Wife—"Oh, John, the rats have eaten all of my cake!" John—"What! All of it?" Young Wife—"Every piece. I feel like crying." John—"Oh, don't cry over a few rats."—Hartford Times.

—Mr. Watts—"The idea of the pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying that he was deeply touched!" Mrs. Watts—"And why shouldn't he say so?" Mr. Watts—"Because he was the only man there who hadn't been; that's why."—Indianapolis Journal.

—His Observation.—"Did you know," said the man who was reading an article about the contraction of metals, "that a clock ticks faster in winter than summer?" "No, I never noticed that about a clock. But I know a gas meter does."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Don't you think $40 a week alimony is a little too much to demand," asked the referee in the divorce case, "when he is only making $50?" "No, I don't," said the lady; "that's what I used to make him gimme while I was livin' with him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—His Hard Lines.—"Poor man!" exclaimed the prison missionary, to whom the sheriff's guest had been relating a tale of woe. "Your life seems to have been one unbroken series of misfortunes." "Yes," sighed the fallen one, "I have had many trials."—Buffalo Courier.

—"Ah," observed the bystander, "learning to ride the bicycle, I see. How are you getting on?" "I sometimes get a crane to lift me on," she remarked, icily, "and at other times I fall off the house into the saddle." And then she tried to mount, and ran into the lamppost again.

HOW THE COSSACKS FISH.

Thousands of Them Congregate on the Urah River in Winter.

On the steppes on the east shore of the River Ural, which forms the border line between Asia and Europe as far as to its mouth in the Caspian sea, live the Ural-Cossacks. The country is governed by a "netman," a kind of a chief, whose stronghold and residence is the famous Fortress Uralsk. These Cossacks, who are half settlers and half boundary guards, make their living chiefly by fishing.

The fields and meadows are by nature very poor and almost sterile. But close to the river bed there is some richer soil, which would, if farmed properly, bring good returns. Agriculture, however, is not the Cossack's ambition. He does not care for nor understand it. He is without the necessary capital for other business, and for him is nothing left but fishing, which, as it is, is very good in Ural. Of course, even for this a certain capital is required, and consequently the rich Cossacks are the leaders of the large fishermen, each gang being called an "arbjil."

The Ural Cossacks have the monopoly for fishing in the Ural and on the Caspian sea. For their full disposal and use is an area of 70 versts east and west, and a hundred versts north and south. Governing their rights, share in the catch, ways of working together, etc., are laws which are strictly complied with. The fisheries take place at different times and even in the winter.

Besides the different varieties of sturgeon or "sterletarten," from which the world-famous Astrachan caviar is made, there are also carp, shad, pike and others. The spring fisheries with nets last six weeks and bring 4,000 loads of fish. In the fall the catch consists chiefly of sturgeon, and amounts to about 1,000 loads.

The winter fishing with ice hooks takes place in December and January. As soon as the ice is strong enough, usually in December, so it can hold thousands of people and hundreds of sleighs, the netman gathers his people at Uralsk for the winter fishing. Thus they come and bring their sleighs.

They usually carry a pick or pike in their right hand and a couple of large hooks in the left. Of these hooks one is longer than the other, the long one for catching the fish under the ice and the shorter one for lifting the fish out of the hole. The netman, or chief, remains by his sleigh in the middle of the frozen stream. Upon his command the Cossacks all rush in on the ice. A gunshot is the given signal for the commencement. Before long the ice is perforated in many hundred places, and now is the time when the long fishhook is used. When the Cossack catches a fish with the long hook he pulls it close to the edge of the hole, then with the shorter hook he lifts his catch upon the ice, coloring this all red with the blood of it. The fish is salted and shipped to the interior of Russia, where there is a great demand for it during the fasting days.—Translated from Fuer Alle Welt.

Unappreciated.

"Tell me, Harold," said she, tenderly, "what was there about me to make you fall in love with me?"

"You are not like other women, my dear," replied he.

"Pooh!" retorted she. "You might say the same of the bearded woman at the dime museum."—N. Y. World.

Hand and Foot.

"Papa, what is a chirosophist?"

"He's a man who reads character from your fist."

"And what is a chiropodist?"

"He is a man who studies your feet in order to improve your understanding."—Harlem Life.